

THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

GUARANTEED WEEKLY CIRCULATION—20,000 COPIES.

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 11.

SATURDAY, MAY 30TH, 1914.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

RUSSIAN METHODS IN VICTORIA PARK.

THE GOVERNMENT'S TWENTY-TO-ONE IDEA OF FAIR PLAY.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Sunday, May 31st, 3 p.m.—Victoria Park—
Mr. R. W. Roberts.
Tuesday, June 2nd, 8 p.m.—Dock Gates,
Poplar—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—Burdett Rd., and Coutts Rd.,
Limehouse.
8 p.m.—400 Old Ford Rd., Bow—People's
Army Drill.
Wednesday, June 3rd, 8 p.m.—319 East India
Dock Rd., Poplar.
8 p.m.—Christ St. and Charles St. Bromley
—Mrs. Walker.
Thursday, June 4th, 3 p.m.—319 East India
Rd., Poplar—Miss Harley.
3 p.m.—Deacon's Vestry, Burdett Rd.,
Limehouse—Mrs. Hicks.
8 p.m.—400 Old Ford Rd., Bow—Miss
Sylvia Pankhurst.
8 p.m.—124 Barking Rd., Canning Town
—Mrs. Laski.
8 p.m.—Knapp Rd. and Campbell Rd.—
Mr. E. W. Roberts.
Friday, June 5th, 8 p.m.—Piggott St., Poplar
—Mrs. Laski.
8 p.m.—Beckton Rd., Canning Town—
Mr. Rettish.
8 p.m.—400 Old Ford Rd., Bow—Members'
meeting.
8 p.m.—Ford Rd., Bow—Mrs. Walker.

SUNDAY'S DEMONSTRATION IN VICTORIA PARK.

On Sunday last the women of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes held their Demonstration for Woman's May Day in Victoria Park. The weather was not very propitious as there were threatening clouds and some heavy showers of rain, which no doubt accounted for many staying away from the procession who otherwise would have taken part in it. Still there was a good muster at Canning Town and Poplar, and the procession marched gaily along with banners and flags flying, headed by a band and followed by a brightly decorated cart filled with children. Large crowds walked along beside it, increasing as they marched and becoming very dense by the time it reached Old Ford-road, Bow. A halt was called opposite No. 400, where Miss Sylvia Pankhurst lives and she came out, surrounded by a bodyguard of nearly twenty women and men, the crowd cheering loudly. The Bow and Bromley contingent joined the procession at this point, and the march was continued along the tightly packed road to Victoria Park.

As the procession neared the gates of the Park the police cleared a space as if to let them through, but as Miss Pankhurst and her bodyguard entered it the mounted men beat off the outer guard, who carried staves with the colours, scattered the onlookers, and closed in on the little band, forcing them into the boating enclosure and locking the gates behind them. Then the C.I.D. men and the police set upon the women, who made a plucky defence of their leader, but seeing that there were more than 50 representatives of law and disorder out to arrest one frail woman the issue could not be doubtful. It seemed that a specially picked lot of 'undesirables' had been drafted down for the afternoon's work. Many of them were not local police and they were not on the whole as young as the average squad of policemen. Perhaps the young men, who have not been at their work long, cannot be trusted to forget that they are men as well as police, and to carry out their orders in a sufficiently degrading manner. Even policemen start their profession with ordinarily humane feelings, and it must take years to turn them into machines, who will carry out the most brutal orders with callousness.



BEFORE THE FRAY!

The fight was fast and furious for a while, the C.I.D.'s trying to reach their prey, but being repulsed by those who surrounded her. The women's hats were torn off, their hair pulled out, their faces pinched and punched, their arms twisted, but still they clung on, aided by the chains round their waists, which welded them together. When the police discovered this device they were nonplussed, but continued to ill-treat the women without stopping to think of how to get them apart. An inspector called for silence and asked who had the keys; he was told there were no keys. Then he said they must break the chains. A taxi-driver, waiting in readiness to remove Miss Pankhurst to Holloway, lent his spanner (the scab!) but the police hammered with their truncheons and at last got them apart, the blows falling as often on the women's hands as on the chains. One truncheon was broken, so violent was its owner; it shows, however, how seriously human beings can be injured with these weapons, if they can be used to break cast iron chains. The police lost control of themselves so entirely that Inspector Beeton, who tried to remind them that they were there to arrest one woman and not ill-treat twenty, had repeatedly to call upon them to restrain their fury. At last they got Miss Pankhurst free, and lifting her into the taxi drove her away, while the remainder continued to wreck their vengeance on her followers. The women fought valiantly and one got a policeman down, but she was seized by another member of the force who said "I'll break your bloody arm and twist your bleeding neck." The police and C.I.D.'s all through the fight used vile epithets to the women and behaved like wild beasts out of the Zoo. One of them called out "I know you, Annie, I don't want you, you can go to hell, we've got our prisoner." The

C.I.D.'s apparently laboured under the delusion that they were disguised. However, while they were trying to take Miss Pankhurst, she said to them "You're nice sort of men trying to disguise yourselves as costers, but you can't do it, your faces give you away." The East London women say they can smell detectives, and certainly it takes a cleverer man than any C.I.D. to escape their eagle eyes.

P.C. K 1129 (please note) was particularly vindictive last Sunday. Though he was outside a row of detectives and protected by them from the women, he stretched over and pulled a woman's hair and pinched her face, while later on he and another policeman seized one woman's arms and twisted them. Not unnaturally she kicked him, whereupon they forced her down on to the ground and not content with twisting her arms in that position K 1129 deliberately took her thumb and bent it back, taunting her with "Kick me now, why don't you kick me?" although she was quite helpless. In fact he was so brutal that Inspector Beeton offered to send for a doctor for her but she disdainfully refused, saying that women were not so soft as the police.

While these things were taking place inside the enclosure considerable disturbance was going on outside the railings of the Park, the police driving the people back with their batons and throwing the more determined into the crowd with quite unnecessary violence. One man, incensed at finding the Park gates closed cried that he was no suffragist but that he was not going to be kept out of his own Park by the police or anyone else. Thereupon a free fight ensued and the gates were forced open. One man was afterwards found to have his head cut open in two places trying to defend the women and several other men were injured.

A number of women were arrested when Miss Pankhurst was taken, but all but one were subsequently released. That one was taken by six police to the Bow Road Police Station and appeared before the magistrate the following day.

In spite of the anger and disappointment at Miss Pankhurst's arrest the demonstration in the park went forward with enthusiasm. There were nine platforms each marked out with a maypole decorated with flowers, and on the platforms the Actresses Franchise League, the East London Men's Society for Woman Suffrage, the Forward Cymric Suffrage Union, the Men's Federation for Women's Suffrage, the Rebel Social and Political Union and the United Suffragists were all represented. A large crowd was assembled to hear the speeches on 'Votes for Women'—a subject which always attracts far larger audiences than any other,—great indignation was expressed at the treatment meted out to the women, and the general excitement was intense.

There was a gang of imported hooligans (who had previously been seen receiving their instructions from the police) who tried to break up the audience at one platform, but they found themselves out-numbered by sympathisers and even their Dutch courage oozed away before they had made themselves really felt. A retired prizefighter who at the beginning of the meeting was against the women said at the end that he would fight for the Suffragettes in the future and that he had not understood before or he would never have been against them. Two women were so indignant at the treatment of the women that they became members of the Federation on the spot.

The Resolution demanding Votes for Working Women was carried unanimously at the nine platforms, and brought the demonstration to a close.

What Mrs. Mantle saw.

When the procession arrived at 400 Old Ford Road Miss Pankhurst and her bodyguard joined it. The people closed round and all was well till we got near the Park gates. The mounted and foot police then suddenly attacked the people in a most brutal manner, women and children falling to the ground; the police had no mercy for anyone. A little girl had her knee broken, and several complained of having had a crack on the head with a police baton. Miss Pankhurst who was chained to her bodyguard seemed to be in a heap on the ground. Next, they dragged them inside the Park gates using great violence to break off the chains to get Miss Pankhurst. All the time the people were shouting frantically "Cossacks!" and hooting the police; and on all sides one could hear people saying that the police had gone mad.

HOLLOWAY.

A correspondent writes: "I was picketting outside Holloway when Miss Pankhurst was taken in, but only a glimpse could be got of her, as the detectives were blocking up the doors of the taxi. They must have been sitting on her, they were so packed in. When the detectives came out they were very merry, and from their actions, were evidently illustrating to each other some of their brutalities. They were a most repulsive set of men. I only wish the men at Victoria Park could have seen this crew and set about them, and given them what they deserve."



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that man, the amateur buyer, should be easily
influenced by advertising conducted by women,
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The Woman's Dreadnought.

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No. 11.—Saturday, May 30th, 1914.

Bravely and willingly we bear our
share of the World's burdens. Why,
then, deny us the right to Vote, which
would dignify our labour and increase
our Power of Service.

THE DEPUTATION TO KING GEORGE.

It is the right of subjects to petition
the King. On Thursday last Mrs.
Pankhurst and a large body of women
tried to exercise this right. They were
not only prevented from getting near
Buckingham Palace, but they were
set upon by the police, knocked about,
and arrested.

When the deputation reached the
Constitution Hill entrance of the Park
the gates were shut in its face. They
were opened later, however, to allow
of the passage of more police, and
Mrs. Pankhurst and others slipped
through. They were promptly
arrested. Other members of the
deputation mingled with the crowd
around the Palace, and made gallant
attempts to break through the police
lines, one woman getting within a
yard of the Palace gates and another
one climbing to the top of the gates
three times, was beaten down by the
police and nearly trampled to death
under the hoofs of the patrols' horses.

The opinion of the crowd varied
from the hostility of the half-baked
"nut" to the indignation and support
of the decent men and women. The
police exercised such indiscriminating
violence that they attacked an Ameri-
can lady who was not a supporter of
Votes for Women, but who happened
to have bought a copy of the
Suffragette, in order to discover the
route of the march. Both she and
her husband have now come to under-
stand what has made the English
Suffragist militant.

ULSA POWDER cures and prevents Vari-
cose Ulcers; absolutely genuine; 6d. and
1s. packets; samples 2d.—Bond, 32
Kenilworth Road, Ealing, W.

A SIGHT FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

What Mrs. Drake,
of Canning Town, saw.

I went yesterday to see what I could
of the deputation to the King (the
most beloved of all!). I joined the
deputation at Constitution Hill with
Miss Billingham, who is a paralysed
cripple, and drags herself about on a
special tricycle. I went with her to
see that the C.I.D. men did not rip her
tyres, for that is a favourite trick of
theirs.

When the deputation got within
twenty yards of Wellington Gate, a
plain clothes man gave the police the
tip, and the doors were shut in our
faces, leaving a few mounted police
outside, whilst the police inside went
to the Palace for reinforcements. It
seemed to me that everyone was under
the impression that we should arrive
by way of Trafalgar Square, and that
was why a good many people did not
see the real fight.

LIKE THE BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN.

In front of the Palace the police did
not baton the women and twist their
arms, and kick and punch them as
they did outside Wellington Gate,
because, I suppose, they did not want
to hurt the feelings of our beloved
King. All the same, the Royal Family
had quite an enjoyable afternoon
watching the fray from their windows.
It made me think of Spain, where
people watch bull-fights with the same
pleasure. I thought, "this will not
be the end, although it might be the
end of constitutional methods." The
end will be the vote for women,
whether the people in power like it or
not!

The Government will not allow the
press photographs, showing the police
methods to be published, except when
they appear in a favourable light.

The police charged the people out-
side Wellington Gate, and shouted:
"Go back." Those who had come
for sport went back, but our women
were splendid! It was wonderful to
see how they held their ground. The
police got hold of them in dozens and
threw them back bodily amongst the
crowd.

On the women came again, and
each time they came back the police
took worse liberties with them—twist-
ing their arms, punching them, and
tearing their hair. I have never seen
anything like it in my life! It seemed
to me the police were taking the
position of judges and executioners at
once, and were working their will
accordingly. Some will say: "They
had their orders." But whatever their
orders or their opinions may have
been, their own common humanity
ought to have asserted itself, and
compelled them to have treated less
vilely the sex that gave them birth.

Miss Billingham got her tricycle,
which she works with her arms,
between the patrols. I was beside
her. They threw and pushed us back,
but we returned. Then two police-
men picked the tricycle up with Miss
Billingham in it, carried it a little
way, then turned it over and dropped
her on to the ground. I do not know
how I did it—I suppose the excitement
gave me strength—but I picked her
up bodily and lifted her back. We
straightened the machine as best we
could, rested a little to take breath,
and struggled on again. But the
police would not take us—only knock
us about. Then, in the enormous
crowd, I got sent flying one way and
Miss Billingham another.

I tried to find her. It seemed as
though the earth had swallowed her.
Then someone said the police had got
her; so I made inquiries as to where
she would be taken, and was advised
that it would be Cannon Row.

A lady, who was going by me, could
not contain herself, when she saw the
conduct of the police, and set about
them with a horsewhip. As a con-
sequence, she was punched so severely
about the breast that I had to support
her to keep her from falling. She
wanted to find her daughter, and when
she recovered a little we took a taxicab
to Cannon Row to see if she was there.

We found a great crowd waiting
there, and were told to come back after
ten o'clock, as nobody would be bailed
out until then. We kept on returning
at intervals to give our heroines a
cheer, as they could see us from above.
We found out, meanwhile, that none
of the women would give their names,

ages and addresses, so that they could
neither be charged nor bailed out.
They were all prepared to spend the
night at Cannon Row, but they were
singing the "Red Flag" beautifully,
and advertising the Suffragette and
the Great Scourge, and causing a lot
of anxiety to the police generally. So
much so that the Black Maria came to
take them to Holloway, and our brave
women were being brought in and
taken off in the van, singing and
cheering all through the evening.

At 10.30 p.m. they were gone, and
we could do no more. My friend, who
was still feeling ill, made her way home
without having found her daughter. I
went to Miss Billingham's home to
see if there was any news of her. I
should not have been surprised to
hear that she was dead. I cannot
describe my feelings; when, on arriv-
ing there, I found her in bed, and in
a state of absolute collapse. I wished
that I had the power to retaliate—to
pay back just a little of what is owing
to this cowardly Government, who
will stoop to anything rather than
rise to give justice.

I did not see Mrs. Pankhurst actually
taken, but I saw her in the motor with
enough policemen round her to eat
her. Her eyes were shining, and she
had a happy smile, and someone near
me said: "She looked a picture, and
she was an angel." I am very glad I
was there, as it is impossible to get a
real account in the papers. Though
the conduct of the police is proverbial
at this time, I did not think it could
be so bad; but now I know. I went
home sadder and wiser.

What Miss Peterson,
of Denmark, saw.

At about 3.30 I went down to
Wellington Gate, near St. George's
Hospital. Many people were waiting
there to see the deputation to the
King. Already we could see that it
would be no use trying to get in there
because all around was black with
policemen, and behind the gates,
which were shut already, was a solid
line of police.

I asked a woman, who was selling
postcards, if she had seen the deputa-
tion. "Oh no, but it looks as though
they are expected," she said, and
nodded at the gate. After, when they
came in sight, nicely marching, she
said: "There they are—God bless the
women—they are in earnest, and they
want to help the poor."

Of course the deputation were not
let in; and of course they were deter-
mined to go on. We saw that in
their faces. It did not look as if they
were out for fun, as a young boy with
a tall silk hat said: "No—those were
sincere faces."

The deputation tried to force their
way in, and a frightful struggle started.
A young woman fell on her knees—
her hair had been torn down, she
seemed to have fainted. The mounted
police rode round amongst the women,
not caring whether they trampled
them down or not. Oh, it was a
dreadful struggle! A man said:
"Poor women, they are being roughly
handled! One cannot understand
what this means." Another said:
"I think the reason is, that all this
people do not understand." But the
women who are struggling in England
to-day have understood. They have
seen that something must be done to
alter the bad English social conditions.
And, because they want to do good for
their fellow creatures, they are made
to suffer. They are dragged about
like that outside the Palace gates!

The crowd was a huge one. The
mounted police chased the people
away. They evidently did not like
too many to see how they handled the
women. We were pushed on with
the others to another gate, but there
again the police turned us back.
"Further down there is a gate," they
said. At the next gate the crowd was
allowed to come streaming in. Why
they could let us in at one gate and
not at another I cannot understand;
but, of course, there is no question of
why and how in this country. It is
always "you must, or you must not"
here!

The deputation of women were told:
"You must not come near the Palace;"
but they have seen long ago that ques-
tions will not even be answered, so
they tried their best to reach the King.
When we got into the park by the
little gate we went towards the Palace.
What a sight! I counted sixteen
women arrested, and saw the police

dragging them away with them, some-
times three policemen for one woman,
although many of the women were
little—and some elderly. Again a man
in the crowd pitied them. It seems to
me that the English man always wants
to pity a woman. He has not learned
yet that a woman is quite as indepen-
dent a being as himself. We never
pity independent people. That man,
however, got an answer from an
elderly lady. "Do not pity them, that
is lost—pity the police," she said. As
the police dragged the women past, the
crowd showed what they thought—
"Brave women," they shouted—only
a few young boys, with tall silk hats
covering their empty heads, said: "It
serves them right." But one does not
give much for the opinion of one who
is quite incapable of having one.

What Mrs. Moor,
of Bow, saw.

As Mrs. Moor, of Bow, got near St. James'
Park, she saw stationed at frequent intervals
mounted police and police scouts on bicycles,
as well as large numbers of constables and
plain clothes men.

Whenever six women were coming along
together, a police scout would spring on to
his machine and dash off to the Palace, post
haste, to say that six women were coming.
Mrs. Moor was with two other Bow members
of the E.L.F.S. A posse of Bow police came
up behind them and they heard them say:
"There are some Suffragettes from Bow."
Then one of the scouts hurried off to say that
three women were coming from Bow.

Mrs. Moor and her friends went into the
park by way of the Admiralty Arch, and soon
found themselves in the midst of a crowd of
youths of 17 or 18 years, who held up walking
canes with dummies on the top. These lads
did not seem able to understand that they
were watching a serious and very painful
struggle, but laughed and joked at every-
thing they saw. About thirty women who
had been arrested were dragged past, and all
but three had lost their hats. Their clothes
were torn and dishevelled. One old woman
was carried by on a stretcher.

What Mrs. Parsons,
of Canning Town, saw.

Mrs. Parsons entered the park by the
Admiralty Arch and made her way to the
Victoria Memorial. There she saw a large
crowd of people, a large proportion of whom
were youths hardly out of their teens, stand-
ing with their backs to the Memorial, watch-
ing the Palace. There was a wide vacant
space between the people and the Palace,
and in the middle of this space was a line of
police, not standing shoulder to shoulder,
but with a space of some yards between
each one.

The Palace windows were crowded with
people and four of them were open. There
were detectives on the Palace roof. Everyone
seemed to be looking for a procession of
women, which did not come. Every now
and then a woman would dart out from
amongst the dense throng of spectators into
the vacant space, and the police rushed at
her, caught her and threw her back into the
crowd. Then the young men in the crowd
would turn on the woman and beat her, and
tear her clothes, and drag down her hair, and
shout "that she ought to be burnt." Then
the woman would run out again towards the
palace, only to be caught and thrown back
again by the police, and again beaten by the
men. This would be repeated until at last
she was hustled away out of sight or placed
under arrest. In one case, Mrs. Parsons
saw one woman face this eleven times before
she was arrested. The police never attempted
to protect any of the women who were
assaulted, and one young woman they lifted
right up and threw over the heads of the
nearest people.

At last the mounted police came up at a
gallop and drove every one away. Mrs.
Parsons was driven off in the crowd down
Birdcage Walk. She saw a young woman
dressed in pink with a jeering crowd behind
her. The young woman stopped and stood
with her back against the wall. A sentry
walked up to her and pushed her. She said:
"How dare you!" and he struck her in the
face with his fist.

Now there were mounted police coming in
both directions, and there was no way for
the people to disperse. Two mounted men
drew their horses across the path so that the
heads touched each other. Mrs. Parsons
and some of the others managed to squeeze
through behind the horses.

Afterwards, Mrs. Parsons went to Cannon
Row and saw a number of stretchers being
carried in.

An East London man reported: "What
we have to fear is the toffs in silk hats, not
the poor people!"

Dear Editor,—I was present at Buckingham
Palace on May 21st, as one of the crowd,
when some women tried to force their way
through the cordon of police round the
Palace. I stood by a lady on horseback, and
because she used the expression "hear, hear,"
a so-called man (well dressed) struck at her
with his walking stick, fortunately only
hitting the saddle. I was so incensed that
I made for him and threw my cap, but two
young men who were near at hand dealt
with him as he richly deserved, breaking his
stick which they brought back to the lady.

I really think the time has arrived when
all Rebels and those who call themselves
Suffragists should make a point of being
present on all these occasions, whether it is
a public meeting, procession or street corner
meeting. Trusting that I am not encroach-
ing upon your space.

Yours in the cause,
HARRY JOUNING.

SEQUEL TO SUNDAY'S DEMONSTRATION.

At Old Street Police Court on May 25, Harriett Bennett was brought up before Mr. Clarke Hall.

The Magistrate: You are charged with obstruction.

Miss B.: We were only doing our best for Votes for Women. If we are interfered with, why shouldn't Carson be interfered with? That Carson goes about Ireland and I am arrested in Old Ford-road.

P.C.: I was on duty in Grove-road last evening at 5 p.m. assisting in keeping the crowd back during a procession of Suffragettes. Prisoner was shouting and got pushed down under a horse, I dragged her from under the horse; she refused to get up; and I arrested her. When charged she said, "I am very sorry; I hope you won't make it hard for me."

Miss B.: The Suffragettes are trying to do good. You know Christ was persecuted for righteousness' sake, and Suffragettes are, and if you take it into consideration and think over it you will find that the Suffragettes will be victorious in the end.

The Magistrate: I have great sympathy with the cause of Votes for Women, but what seems to me a great injury to the cause of women is the use of violence. That is what I think.

Miss B.: Well, you see, it is really the police who cause the trouble.

The Magistrate: I have found that the police exercise the greatest restraint in these cases.

Another constable brought up the fact of four previous charges against her for drunkenness in 1913.

Miss B.: Well, I am sorry for that, but since I have been with the Suffragettes they are making a woman of me.

The Magistrate: I am very glad of that.

Verdict. Bound over in her own recognisances for £5. She refused to be bound over.

May 26th, 1914.

DEAR EDITOR,

May 1, a non-Suffragist, but an eye-witness of the arrest of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst on Sunday last, call your attention to the appallingly false representation of facts in some of Monday's papers.

This is what I saw happen:—The procession headed by mounted police, led by a band of men playing the "Marsellaise," and at the end of the procession, behind Miss Pankhurst and her body-guard—who were chained together—a van-load of children came along Old Ford Road to the Crown Gates of Victoria Park, to file in here and march to the nine platforms. Just before their arrival the side portions of the gate were shut by the police, who, mounted and on foot, surrounded the cross roads on all sides in large numbers. When the bandsmen had marched into the Park, at a given signal awaited by the whole of the police force gathered round, the remaining portion of the gate was suddenly shut against the rest of the public, the van-load of children was led aside by about a dozen policemen, the others falling with full force on that little body-guard of women and began mercilessly belabouring with their batons both these perfectly orderly, quiet processionists and the nearer bystanders alike. It seemed that the police, as well as striking around, were breaking the chains of the body-guard, but from amongst the crowd only wild fighting could be seen.

Now, the body-guard are referred to as "Furies," the police we are told "were compelled to defend themselves with their batons," also "amid the shrieks of the Furies mounted policemen were pulled from their horses." Well, from my exalted position I saw not a single one unhorsed. The shrieks referred to proceeded from the terrified bystanders, who made a wild rush to escape the mounted police, who dashed on them from all

sides. Between two and three hundred of these panic-stricken onlookers rushed the gates at each end of the drive of the corner house between Grove Road and Old Ford Road, breaking down hedge and plants in their dash for safety.

Is not the duty of the police to protect the public? Who is responsible for this cruel and dangerous attack, and under whose authority was the law thus suspended?

By this dastardly act hundreds of people were in danger of being crushed to death.

The so-called Furies were the ones who had to defend themselves from this cruel illegal attack; the only wonder is that the mob did not take up the cudgels in their defence; the reason that this was not the case can only be that they were too bewildered at the suddenness of the whole thing to realise what was happening.

H. E. F.

NO VOTE! NO RENT!! THE WOMAN'S BEST WEAPON. Promises to join the Strike coming in.

Mr. D. Green writes that the Brunswick Street Debating Club, Blackwall, E., debated the question of "No Vote—No Rent, and the Equality of the Sexes," on Saturday, May 16.

It was stated that house-agents are, as a rule, only useful to hide the faults of the landlord, and that they keep many of the women tenants in a state of terror. One member stated that tenants need not pay their rent until they know who is the real owner of the house, and that, having obtained the landlord's name, they are entitled to refuse to pay rent to anyone else.

It was suggested that tenants should refuse to pay rent to the house-agents unless they agree to place notices in their office windows stating that they believe in Votes for Women. This resolution was carried.

The policy of refusing to pay rent until a Parliamentary Vote is granted is a very much stronger one.

THE NEED FOR A NO VOTE NO RENT STRIKE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

I wish our comrades of the East End every success in their fight for freedom. We have heard a lot of how they are fighting. We want them to know that we are ready to fight too, and to join the No Vote No Rent Strike.

I have read of the awful slums in the East, but we have them here too. Shall I take you round on a visit, through one of the richest boroughs of the Capital of this so-called free England, a borough so classy that it is called the "Royal Borough of Kensington!" Holland Park—how fine that sounds! To ride or walk down that splendid road you would think that only the well-to-do lived in such a neighbourhood. But let me take you a few yards from that main road to Virginia Place, Princes' Road. The staircase in these awful cupboards, called apartments, were filthy and dark when I went there a little while ago, but since then they have given it a coat of whitewash, so as to make them light enough for the people to see their way. There is a board up, telling the workers that rooms are to let, with every modern convenience. You may look for them, but they are conspicuous by their absence. But I must not tell untruths. We did find one W.C. in a back yard. God knows how many families used it! Keating's powder was needed (I mean dynamite). When we got out in the open air, what a relief it was to walk out of darkness into light!

Through Walmer Road, where there is a chapel of rest for the dead, and Mary Place, with a workhouse, casual ward and police station, is Tobin Square. If you were to see the windows in that square you would notice that brown paper is well sold in that district, in fact you might think that the militants had been making a raid there; but no, it has been like that for as long as I can remember, and I went to school in Mary Place.

Further along Tobin Street, in the very early morning, children of the West Enders, who live about here, are to be seen lined up, with pillow cases, waiting to get pennyworths of broken food from pig tubs. An enterprising firm collects the hotel refuse, and what the pigs do not get the children buy with their pennies. Thresher's Cottages, in Tobin Street, contain two small rooms, one up and one down. The staircases are very narrow. There

are no back yards to these cottages, and no windows at the back, and no water. Fathers and mothers, just picture the families penned up in these dens—with little children coming. For nine of these cottages on the right-hand side of the road are four broken down lavatories in the middle of the street. At night homeless men and women take shelter in these places.

I could keep on writing about the rotten housing things I have seen that exist here, as well as in the East. Widows and children are being slowly murdered by the system called "Freedom." In one of the miserable Kensington dwellings I saw a poor widow making shirts. She was consumptive, and had four little children to keep. There are hundreds of others in a similar plight. A. G. HALL.

NO REMEDY BUT THE VOTE.

Last week a Sheffield girl was charged before a magistrate with attempting to commit suicide. It was then discovered that out of a weekly wage of 3s. 9d. she had to pay 1s. 6d. for breakages, and that she had taken poison in her desperation.

Thus her case was brought to light, but there are hundreds of similar cases, which never meet the public eye. It is these that women are out to discover and set right, and because the vote is the weapon with which we must fight such poverty and such extortion. "Votes for Women" claims the first place in the programme of the true social reformer.

SWEATING ENCOURAGED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Trade Board, in the sugar, confectionery and food preserving trades, has established minimum time rates for male and female workers. The rate for boys and girls under 15 is in both cases 6s., but the men's minimum rises to 28s. per week, whereas the women's rises to only 13s.

The Trades Boards were established to prevent sweating, but in thus fixing the minimum rate for the women at only half the minimum rate for men, they deliberately encourage the employment of women at a sweated wage.

M.P.U.'s LETTER TO THE KING.

We have been asked to publish the following: From the Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement.

May 18th, 1914.

To the Secretary to H.M. the King.

My Lord,—As loyal subjects of our Sovereign, we think it right that you should grasp the fact that the records of His Majesty's reign have already been sullied by the present Government's treatment of women and are in danger of being irretrievably dishonoured on Thursday next. To what extent the truth concerning the prosecution of militant women is known to you we have no means of gauging, but the salient fact, which few seem to appreciate, and which dominates everything today, is: women have realised the hideous degradation of our national life, due to our dual standards of morality and law, and henceforth men must choose between adopting even-handed justice and carrying persecution to the extreme of putting to death, one after the other, all the militant women. We urge you, therefore, to use your position to bring this knowledge to the Throne, and we pray that good council will prevail and that His Majesty will receive Mrs. Pankhurst and her deputation in personal audience, and hear from their own lips their claim for admission to the Parliamentary franchise. If, however, a "Persecution Thursday" has to be recorded in sequence to Gladstone's "Mounted Police Day," and Churchill's "Black Friday," we are determined that it shall also be known that we left no stone unturned, up to the last moment, to bring the real position under His Majesty's notice.

We are, my Lord,

His Majesty's loyal subjects,
Victor D. Duval,
D. Cameron-Swaq,
C. M. Gonne, Capt. (Retd.),
W. Boulting (L.R.C.P. Lond.)

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE?

A well-dressed Suffragette, in the course of an eloquent speech at Bow Street, referred to the fact that the nation had erected monuments to three ancestors of her's in Westminster Abbey. The magistrate, in discharging her, said that he did so not because of her Cause, but "in consideration of those valuable ancestors of your's." It is time we had magistrates who are not swayed by these class distinctions.

CHEERS FOR SYLVIA PANKHURST.

On Tuesday last a large procession of sympathisers marched from Bow to Holloway to cheer Miss Sylvia Pankhurst in her solitude. Previously the band has always been allowed to play round the prison, but this time a new order was issued that there was to be no music. However, the processionists were not to be done and made up for the lack of drums and fifes by cheering and singing at the top of their voices. The police were evidently much afraid of what might happen and large numbers of them issued from the prison and patrols tried to break up the crowd before it departed on its long tramp home.

RAID ON A SUFFRAGETTE'S FLAT.

On Thursday, May 21st, a flat in Maida Vale was raided by the police, and the five women arrested were charged with being "loose, idle and disorderly persons." As evidence of their looseness, idleness and disorderliness, the police produced stones and flints, black linen bags to contain same, twenty-two coils of fuse, the plans of a house, directions to friends as to how the flat might be reached, and various other documents. Miss Nellie Hall, one of the arrested at the flat, has been charged with conspiring with Miss Grace Roe, who was taken during the raid on the W.S.P.U. headquarters. They appeared in court on Tuesday, weak and ill from hunger-striking and forcible feeding, but able to make so vehement a protest against being tried that they had to be removed from court before proceedings could be continued.

The magistrate refused bail, owing to the seriousness of the charge, and both Miss Roe and Miss Hall are being forcibly fed twice a day. It is well to remember that until a prisoner is declared to be guilty the English law presumes him or her to be innocent, and the editor of any newspaper who asserts or even indirectly assumes their guilt may be summoned for contempt of court. We therefore maintain that the Government has taken upon itself in this case to torture women who, even in its eyes, must be held to be innocent; and if one, why not another? If no discrimination is made between the innocent and the guilty what will be made between one innocent person and another? If no notice is taken of this outrage upon innocent persons and no protest raised this "Liberal" Government will not be slow to take advantage of public sloth and indifference; and some day Labour leaders and other working men will find themselves up against precedents created in dealing with Suffragette prisoners, while they stood aside from blindness or indifference and allowed the liberties of Englishmen to be filched from them.

ACTIONS WHICH SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

As a result of the treatment of the deputation to the King, the following militant protests were made:—

Five pictures at the National Gallery were damaged:
A picture was attacked at the Royal Academy:
A picture of the King was damaged at Edinburgh:
A mummy case in the British Museum was broken:
Large numbers of windows smashed in the West End, including some at the Home Office.

At the Royal Performance at His Majesty's Theatre, on the day after the deputation, the King was addressed from the stalls as "You Russian Tsar" by a Suffragette, who was afterwards arrested. Interruptions took place at intervals during the play, and women were roughly handled and ejected.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

Mrs. Pankhurst was re-arrested on Thursday, May 28th, under the "Cat and Mouse" Act, as she was on her way to present a petition to the King. She was released on Wednesday in a very exhausted condition.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was re-arrested for the seventh time on May 24th. No news has been received of her up to time of going to press.

Miss Annie Kenney, who went to Lambeth Palace last Friday, May 23rd, to seek sanctuary, was arrested later in the day under the "Cat and Mouse" Act and taken to Holloway. She was released on Thursday morning.

Miss Rachael Peace, Miss Ansell and Mrs. Hall are being forcibly fed.

Miss Mary Richardson, who damaged the Rokeby "Venus," was released from Holloway on Monday afternoon, on a 14 days' license. She had been in prison since the previous Wednesday.

Miss Freda Graham, charged with damaging five pictures in the National Gallery, was sentenced on Tuesday to six months' imprisonment. Miss Mary Spencer, who damaged a picture at the Royal Academy, was also sentenced to six months.

Three women, who refused their names, were sentenced to four, six and four months respectively, for smashing windows.

Miss Grace Roe, Miss Nellie Hall, and four other women are imprisoned on remand, and are being forcibly fed.

"General" Drummond (sentenced to one month for "inciting") was released from Holloway on Friday, May 22nd. She sat upon Mr. McKenna's doorstep until re-arrested for "obstruction." She was taken to Bow Street police court on the Saturday, but was too ill to be tried or to be taken back to prison. One, if not both, of the charges against her has now been dropped. She is suffering from a serious attack of pleurisy.

[It is feared that the "Roll of Honour" may be incomplete this week. This is due to the fact that representatives of papers who wish to report the truth are, if possible, excluded from the courts. The present Government fears the truth as much as it fears the Suffragettes. The combination is one before which it would (and will) inevitably go down.]

FOR OUR FUNDS.

A friend is kindly having framed some pencil and water colour drawings, by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, which are to be sold for the funds of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

A PIANO WANTED.

A piano for our new hall is an absolute necessity. Will any friend present one to the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW AND BROMLEY.

Organiser:—MRS. IVES.

321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Meetings during week, both indoor and out, very good. Successful At Homes given to neighbours and girls from Compton's Clothing Factory, and many new members made.

Will members please do their best towards making the *Dreadnought* a greater success by sending the sales up while Miss Pankhurst is away, thus showing, by working hard in every direction, that we mean to fight on at no matter what cost, until the victory is ours.

We feel that we must make special mention of the conduct of the Cow-boy Band on Sunday, it was splendid—they played right through the conflict, never flinching—the greatest praise is due to them for their plucky stand. Volunteers are wanted on Friday and Saturday nights, to take the stall in Roman Road, which is proving a great success.

625 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending May 22
Mrs. Moore sold 160.

Miss Bennett for last two weeks sold 50.
Ford Rd. and Fairfoot Rd. Dists. Leader, Mrs. Burton. Helpers, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Gatward, Miss King—500.
Vivian Rd., Campbell Rd. and Kenilworth Rd. Dists. Leader, Miss Boyce. Helpers, Miss Heiser and Miss N. Lansbury—500.
Turner's Rd. and St. Paul's Rd. Dists. Leaders, Mrs. Connell and Mrs. Moore. Helper, Miss Marks—500.
Usher Rd. and Priscilla Rd. Dists. Leader, Mrs. Kelly. Helpers, Miss Turner and Miss Wilmore—400.
St. Stephen's Rd. Dist. Leader, Mrs. W. Lansbury. Helper, Mrs. Savoy—500.
Fairfield Rd. and Edgar Rd. Dists. Mrs. McCheyne and Mrs. Knudson—350.
Tredegar Rd. and Merchant St. Dists. Mrs. Carlisle—200.
Appian Rd. Dist. Mrs. Clarke—200.
Medway Rd. Dist. Mrs. Hope—200.
Cardigan Rd. Dist. Miss Vernham—200.
White Post Lane Dist. Mrs. Husted—200.
Tomlin's Grove Dist. Mrs. Mantle—200.
Malmesbury Rd. Dist. Mrs. Watkins—200.
Smeed Rd. Dist. Leader, Mrs. Weaver. Helper, Mrs. Denham—200.
High St., Bromley. Mrs. Pascoe—100.

POPLAR.

Office... 319 EAST INDIA DOCK ROAD.

Organiser: MISS MARY PATERSON.

Mrs. Bird arranged for a decorated cart last Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, to advertise the May Day Demonstration; handbills were distributed on the way; many street corner meetings held and much chalking done, the result being a large and sympathetic crowd for the procession.

113 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending May 22
Upper North St. District. Captain, Mrs. Bird, 90 Suffolk St. Helpers, Mrs. Bertram, Mrs. Neuss, Mrs. Skeet, Misses Lagging, Mrs. Cressell, Mrs. Organ—1,500.
Chrisp St. District. Captain, Mrs. Fyffe, 37 Morris Rd. Helper, Miss Edy—500.
Isle of Dogs. Captain, Mrs. Bird, 90 Suffolk St. Helper, Mrs. Neuss—500.
High St. District. Captain, Mrs. Walker, 62 Grundy St.—400.
Kerbey Street District. Captain, Mrs. Schlette, 128 Kerbey St. Helper, Mrs. Church—400.
Burdett Road District. Miss Lloyd and Mrs. Walker—300.
Mrs. Hicks, Aberfeldy St., distributed 200 copies in Aberfeldy St., and Blair St.
Mrs. Pert, 6 York Square, Stepney—200.

SOUTH HACKNEY.

Secretary—Miss YOUNG,
100 Greenwood Rd., Dalston.

Large crowd at Swiss Cottage meeting on Monday. An unknown member of it followed the speaker home, fearing the children might annoy her. 25 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending May 22nd.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Hon. Sec.:—MRS. DAISY PARSONS,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

At the members' meeting on Thursday, Miss Grimes was elected as delegate for Committee of E.L.F.S. She was also colour bearer for the procession. It was splendid the way the members fought to have their meeting in Victoria Park. We hope all those who received hurts are now better. Thanks to banner bearers and to Miss King, Miss Cohen and Miss Lansbury for coming from Bow to march in procession.

84 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending May 22.
Canning Town. District leaders—Mrs. Millo, 1 Ravenscroft Road; Miss Tate, 37 Tyas Road. Distributors—Mrs. Little, Mrs. Parker.

Plaistow. District leaders—Miss Putt, 67 Wigston Road, Mrs. Hawkins, 29 Beaufoy Road. Distributors—Mrs. Ward, Mrs. and Miss Lawrence.

Custom House. District leader—Miss Daisy Leggett, 74 Chantler Road. Distributors—Miss A. Dunbar and Miss Cox.

Tidal Basin. District leader—Miss Penn, 10 Brent-road. Distributors—Misses A. and L. Kelsey and Miss Maud Greenleaf.

Silvertown. District leader—Miss Grace Grimes, 27 Newland Street. Distributor—Miss F. Nicholas.

WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

The DREADNOUGHT is now supplied to the West Ham Central Library, to Stratford, to Canning Town Public Library in Barking Road, and to the Bow and Bromley Public Libraries.

OTHER EAST LONDON SOCIETIES.

E. LONDON MEN'S SOCIETY FOR W.S.
The organisers thank all the members who rallied last Sunday at the Victoria Park demonstration.

Men of East London, we ought to consider it a lasting disgrace upon our intelligence and our manhood, that we were tricked and our comrade Sylvia Pankhurst arrested once again. Let us unite in this great men's movement, protect our women, and keep the militant flag flying. So long as the Government continues its attack upon human life and human liberties, let us by every available means carry on and swell in size the campaign against the Government.

We intend, once Miss Pankhurst is released and well enough to speak, to book the Canning Town Public Hall, and hold in combination our first public meeting to protest against the Government's tyranny.

Send in names and addresses of new members at once, to the Hon. Sec., Eric W. Roberts, E.L.M.S., 321 Roman Rd, Bow

UNOCCUPIED WOMEN.

The result of a day's canvassing in a new district.

BY

MRS. WALKER (A Poplar Docker's Wife).

1. A tall, thin, poorly clad woman came to the door, the wife of a casual labourer, with a baby at her breast. Did not know anything at all about women's suffrage; never did any reading; very seldom went out; never did any shopping, because the little shop across the road gave her "tick" and so she had to keep on going to them. Her husband came into the passage; he looked as if he could do with a meal more a day. He had been out of work for weeks.

2. Woman was too busy all day to go to meetings. She looked very poor and when asked if she would like to come to the evening meeting, said that she was too tired, and that she was glad when the children were in bed, so that she could sit down in the chair and close her eyes for a rest.

3. Woman, yes, had heard about it; couldn't see the use of the vote; if we had to work as hard as she, we wouldn't have time for votes. She had six children going to school, and had to do the needlework as well. She came to the door with a pair of trousers, that she was "finishing", in her hand.

4. A woman thought it was time something was done for women. She thought the Insurance Act a robbery. She was sure that if the women got into Parliament they would manage things better than that. Asked what she thought of the Housing question, thought it disgraceful. Things as they are "don't give you any heart to clean. Good luck to you, hope you get the vote."

5. Mother of nine children, said she had gone through something in her time, but gloried in the pluck of the Suffragettes, wished she was younger, would be out with them. Of course she thought women should have the vote, and thought that the reason why men didn't want us to have it, was because they wanted all their own way. "I wouldn't have no man dictate to me, a mother of nine children," and she drew herself up in a dignified manner. "I believe in holding my own." Her husband often calls her a suffragette. She says "you flatter me when you call me that, for those women have got pluck!"

6. Woman said, men have always voted and what good have they done? She thought woman's lot was a hard one, and "if you think us getting the vote will alter it, then it will be a God-send!"

7. Woman thought the men had the best time of it "its true they have to work and earn the few ha'pence they get, but when they dub up on Friday, they think they're giving you a fortune; 23 shillings mine gives me and four babies to keep, and in the middle of the week they come on you for a sub, and if you haven't any money, they ask you what you've done with it all, and then they start on you. It's a hard life, and I stand at 5s. rent; what can you do? Do you know what? I would rather he'd stick to the few ha'pence, and he keep the home, but there, he couldn't do it! Men have got no worry, women have it all."

8. Mother of seven children, asked if she would come to the meeting, said she would ask her husband.

9. Woman complained that landlord must have his rent every Monday, but that she could not get him to do anything in the place. It was always

cleaning, yet never clean, "It doesn't give you any heart!" She would come to the meetings, for she had very little pleasure. Husband out of work.

10. Refined looking woman came to door; house quite a nice appearance; top half of house to let. Said she had five children, and believed that when women were in power, they would alter things. Her husband earned 30s. and gave her every penny, "but what is it?" She paid 7s. 6d. rent, and said, that to live anywhere decent, one had to pay that. Out of the remainder she had to find clothes. Asked how she managed so well, she replied: "by scheming and pinching." She complained of the cost of living—"things were getting worse and worse." She made a stew every day of the week for the children, except Sunday, because she thought it the cheapest, and "you can't make stew without onions, and believe me they are asking 3d. a pound for them." She did not think life was worth living, but must put up with it for the sake of the children.

LESSONS TO BE LEARNED.

Denial to the Government which calls these women unoccupied.

One came face to face with the unemployed problem.

With Poverty.—Housing Question.—Women as Slaves.—Sweating of Women.—Insurance Act a failure.—Great Faith in women. Suffragettes to be found in slums.

MELVINA WALKER.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

Fearing that there was more than one Emily Davidson in the Suffragette movement—as indeed there is, as far as the willingness to lay down their lives goes—the authorities took extraordinary precautions at the Derby this year; 1,500 police were on duty, together with large numbers of plain clothes men. At Tattenham Corner the low wooden rail was replaced by iron railings, five inches apart, while a second rail was added inside, making a narrow path between the two, where only the police were allowed. The stands were guarded night and day for two months beforehand.

In London, as a result of the recent attacks upon pictures, the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and the Wallace Collection, are closed to the public, while women are only admitted to the British Museum by ticket.

And all these precautions are taken, and all this expense incurred, rather than pass through Parliament a one clause Bill, making the word "person" in the electoral laws apply to women as well as to men—a reform which all thinking people and even a majority of M.P.'s and Liberal Cabinet Ministers are agreed in thinking both just and necessary. What an extraordinary nation!

THE RAID ON THE W. S. P. U. HEADQUARTERS.

On Saturday, May 23rd there was a police raid on Lincoln's Inn House following on the Deputation to Buckingham Palace and the protests of various sorts which the treatment of Mrs. Pankhurst and her comrades on that occasion evoked. At one o'clock the passers-by in Kingsway were attracted by the crowd that had gathered outside the Suffragette headquarters. Police were all round the door, and the heads of police and plain-clothes men could be seen at the windows. They had entered the building a few minutes before one and, stopping all work, had turned the staff out of the building with the exception of Miss Grace Roe whom they arrested. About twenty past one Miss Roe was brought out by three plain-clothes men and taken in a taxi-cab to Bow-street, where she drowned the proceedings by talking loudly from the dock until she was forcibly removed. The crowd outside Lincoln's Inn House showed no sign of the hostility which the newspapers assure us is felt towards the Suffragettes. They greeted Miss Roe's appearance and departure with not unfriendly jeering and some cheers. The man in the street understands the Suffrage movement considerably better than Mr. McKenna and his colleagues. The W.S.P.U. offices were still barred and bolted on Monday and the door was guarded by a constable. They said they were waiting for the correspondence to come in, presumably because they had been disappointed with their "find."

A SWEDISH SUFFRAGIST'S DREAM.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST.

I could not sleep and lay awake hour after hour with your words ringing in my ears and filling my soul with sorrow and despair. When at last sleep came, late in the morning, I had a dream, which I ask leave to tell you, because it was your tale of injustice to women and children that caused it.

I dreamt that we Swedish women were standing in a big crowd outside the Parliament House, waiting for an answer to our Suffrage Petition. No word was heard and all the faces—old and young ones—wore the same look of expectation and earnestness.

After a long time a man came out on the stairs. He was attired in a splendid uniform and his breast was covered with glittering medals.

"Ladies," he began, in a high-pitched voice. And so we heard the verdict—the same old one never to be forgotten—"Not this time, it is not expedient just now. But," he added, "you may come again another year with a new petition, double the size of this one, not written in ink but in blood, the blood of women and children."

A faint wail was heard from our lines and with heads bent low in shame and sorrow we went away, trying to hide our tears from the passers-by.

I set to work at once to collect new names and my first visit was to the poor family in Gothenburg I saw in your company—the grandmother who looks seventy-five and is only fifty-five, her daughter with the pale looking, ill children. On a table at the window sat the two little boys, just as we saw them, looking at the children playing in the street. They could not take part in the game, having no shoes on their feet, only some rags fastened with string. I told the woman my errand, and giving the boys some cakes, I made a slight cut with my pen-knife in the arm of one of them, but not a drop of blood came. I looked at the mother, who had a baby in her arms, and asked her: "Has he no blood at all, your boy?"

With a bitter smile on her lips she answered: "Of course not, how could he have any?"

On my demand she drew her sleeve away and I made a cut in her thin bony arm. The result was the same, not a single drop of blood was seen. The woman made the same answer to my silent question, which I had not the courage to put into words.

"How could there be any? Where should a woman like me get it from? A mother's tears over her unborn child—and such tears I have wept these last fifteen years—suck her very life blood—and that of her children too. I am sorry, I cannot help you."

I realised that the poor have no blood to give and the rich will not give theirs.

With heavy steps and the empty list in my hand I left the house. I tried to frame my lips to the old prayer of women, sighed forth in thousands and thousands of years: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." But I could not—the time had passed for tears and prayers and feelings of forgiveness.

The poor mother with her bitter smile, the worn old grandmother and the pale-faced little boy with the hungry eyes—and no blood in his veins—spoke another language.

God in heaven—they say—don't forgive them, the men who so cruelly sin against women and children, but make them feel, make them see what they are doing, and make them repent. Don't let them suck the life-blood of the poor as they have been doing these thousands and thousands of years.

When I woke my pillow was wet with tears.